

John Carlyle

23<sup>d</sup> December

Staatsbibliothek  
Berlin.

5 Chayne Row

1843

Unmenschliche!

Are you become so inco-  
= lated with the commercial spirit  
of this England, that you will  
no longer write to me but on  
the debtor-and-creditor principle?  
Am I no longer to have any  
privileges - moi? no longer to  
receive two or three or even four  
letters for one, in consideration  
of my worries and my indolence?  
Do you at least seem to have  
resolved! - but thank heaven there  
are still generous spirits among  
my correspondents who despite  
such balancing of accounts, who  
rain down letters on me "thick  
as autumnal leaves" without asking  
even whether I read them! - And  
you think no shame of yourself,  
cold blooded calculating little  
German that you are? - Well  
there, open your ledger and  
set down now in black and



white - "Mademoiselle Botta debita  
to Mrs Carlyle - in one letter.  
- to be paid immediately - no  
credit given -"

What are you doing and  
thinking, and wishing and  
hoping - for in Devonshire  
I suppose people can still hope.  
even in December - here the  
thing is impossible - on the  
dark dismal fog, which we  
open our eyes upon every morning  
there is written as over the  
gate of the città dolente - alias  
Hell. Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'  
entrate.  
And many things besides speranza  
have to be thrown over board  
as well. To keep one's soul and  
body together seems to be quite  
as much as one is up to under  
the circumstances. I attempt  
nothing more - as there is nothing  
which I so much detest as  
failure where I have willed.  
I take precious care never  
to will anything <sup>but</sup> which I

have a presentiment of failing -  
My husband is more impatient  
he goes on still willing to write  
this Life of Cromwell under the  
<sup>most</sup> "desperate apprehensions that it will  
never come to anything" - and  
as if people had the use of their  
faculties in all states of the  
atmosphere! - and so he does  
himself a deal of harm and not  
any good. He came into this room  
the other morning when I was  
sitting peacefully darning his  
stockings, and laid a great  
bundle of papers on my fire,  
enough to have kindled the chimney,  
if it had not been providentially  
swept quite lately - the kindling  
of a chimney (as you in your  
German ignorance may perhaps  
not be aware) subjecting one  
here in London to the awful  
visitation of three fire engines!  
~~besides~~ a fine of five pounds!  
I fancied it the contents of his  
waste-paper-basket that he  
was redding himself by this  
summary process - but happening  
to look up at his face, I



4.  
saw in its grim concentrated self-  
-complacency the astounding truth,  
that it was all <sup>his</sup> labour since  
he returned from Scotland that  
had been there sent up the  
vent, in smoke! — "He had  
discovered over night" he said "that  
he must take up the damnable  
thing on quite a new tact."  
Oh a very damnable thing indeed!  
To tell you a secret I begin to  
be seriously afraid that his  
life of Cromwell is going to  
have the same strange fate  
as the child of a certain pen-  
-manship that I once read  
of — which never could get  
itself born, tho' carried about  
in her for twenty years till  
she died! — a wit is said to  
have once asked this poor woman  
if "Madame was not thinking  
of swallowing a tutor of a her  
son"? So one might ask  
Carlyle if he is not thinking  
of swallowing a publisher for  
his book? only that he is  
too miserable poor fellow without  
the addition of being laughed at.

3-12-34. 1843.

15.

In lamenting his slow progress, or rather no-progress; he said to me one day with a minute altogether touching "well! they may twaddle as they like about the miseries of a bad conscience: but I should I like to know whether Judas Iscariot was more miserable than Thomas Carlyle who never did anything criminal; so far as he remembers"! - Ah my dear! this is all very amusing to write about; but to transact? - God help us well thro' it! and, as the Kilmarnock weaver prayed, "give us all a good conceit of ourselves, for this is what is chiefly wanted", here at present! If my husband had half the conceit of himself, which shines so conspicuous in some witty I could name, he would "take it easy" and regenerate the world with rose-water [twaddle], as they do: instead of ruining his digestive organs in the manufacture of oil of vitrol for that purpose!

Your little friend Miss Swanwick called here the other day looking



"ineffably sweet! almost too sweet  
for practical purposes!" - "that  
minds me" (as my Helen says - I  
received by post a little while since  
a letter in a handwriting not new  
to me, but I could not tell in the  
first minutes whose it was - I read  
the first words: "Oh those bright  
sweet eyes!" - I stood amazed,  
"as in presence of the Infinite"! What  
man had gone out of his wits? In  
what year of grace was I? what  
was it at all? - I looked for a  
signature - there was none! I turned  
to the beginning again and read  
a few words more: "there is no  
escaping their bewitching influence!"  
"Idiot!" I said? "whoever you be!"  
having now got up a blue maternal  
rage! I read on however - "It is  
impossible that such eyes should  
be unaccompanied with a benevolent  
heart; could you not then intercede  
with the pope or of them to do me  
a kindness" - The tone of young  
"Ladies" is in general so usefully  
employed that I should think  
"you would really be benefiting

" - Miss Swanwick (!) in persuading  
her to - translate for me those  
French laws on pawn broking -!  
Now, the riddle was satisfactorily  
solved! the "bright sweet eyes" were  
none of mine but Miss Swanwick's;  
and the writer of the letter was Robert  
- son who you may remember I  
told you heard about those same  
eyes - to a wearing! my virtuous  
married woman, indignant. blush  
had been entirely thrown away!  
It was too ridiculous! But could  
you have conceived of such stupidity  
- even among authors - as this of  
beginning a letter to one woman  
with a anastrophe to the eyes of  
another?  
My German friend has returned  
from Germany safe and sound,  
and brought me thence a highly  
curious gaze d'amour - which is  
causing a sort of general panic  
among my admirers - Old Horning  
in particular is furious at it and  
likenes it to the Devil's tail.  
[where he saw the Devil's tail  
whether at the Times newspaper or  
of the



8.  
or in what other unholy place I  
did not like to ask } The thing  
is the most splendid, most fantastically  
altogether inconceivable - hell-rope!  
made for me by the hands of  
Plattanus Countess-Sister. A comely  
number of little chinese pagodas,  
of scarlet net-work festooned with  
white bugles, are threaded on a  
scarlet rope, ending in a "voluptuous  
scarlet tassel, which again splits  
itself away into six little bugle-  
tassels!! For three days and three  
nights I was in the dreadfulest  
perplexity what to do with it! To  
ring up over one maid servant with  
such a hell-rope would have been  
an act of inconsistency all too  
glaring! Besides I should have  
been always fearing when I pulled  
it that I should bring a shower  
of bugles about my ears! So I  
decided finally to bring it a sincere  
place beside the drawing room-  
place beside the door where there  
is no bellwire but only a trap-headed  
nail to suspend it from - "Don't  
you admire it there?" I asked my  
husband after it was hung up.

10.  
as I have to give - and if I  
had any better you should have  
it with a blessing - And so this  
is why I write just today; because  
I mean that you should read  
my letter on Christmas -

Give my kindest regards to  
Mrs Mrs Fuller - and a kiss to  
Theresa, who I hope is studying  
thru' all departments of human  
knowledge in seven-leagued boots  
and carrying all the cardinal  
virtues along with her! -

I send you a little thing for  
good luck to your new year  
And so I commend you to  
Providence, and your own sound  
little judgement - which is a  
very good deputy for Providence  
on this earth - and remain  
with sincere good wishes very  
kindly yours  
Jane Carlyle



g. 23. Aug. 1843.

9.

"Oh yes" said he "certainly! - as a splendid solerisor! as one admires a beautiful idiot!"

But it strikes me that considering your demerits, my Dear, I am here writing you an abominably long letter. The fact is, that I have not, I find, got quite rid of what somebody described as "that damned thing called the milk of human kindness" - and I bethink me that on Christmas day you will be feeling sad more or less - When one is far from one's own land and own friends, those anniversaries, however they may be cheered for one by present kindness, always bring the past and distant changely and cruselly near - and make one long has one dares not long everyday to be as one has been! A word of encouragement and sympathy from a fellow sufferer under these anniversary-feelings may be some little comfort to you at all rates it is such comfort



Mrs. Anna Carlyle  
an Amalia Lölch.

1845.

Amalia Lölch.

dearest  
Friend!

For the

that is

awaiting you. and  
yet - should I like that  
you were not to feel  
some disappointment on  
finding me no longer  
there to welcome you  
back? - Certainly not -

I shall have been  
here a fortnight on

Amalia Lölch.



STAATS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
BERLIN

Bay House Redwood

Oh my dear little friend!  
I am so sorry for the  
disappointment that is  
awaiting you, and  
yet - should I like that  
you were not to feel  
some disappointment on  
finding me no longer  
there to welcome you  
back? - Certainly not -

I shall have been  
here a fortnight on



Saturday - How much - But at Seaport House  
longer see woman it is not so much idleness  
depends on others than at Seaport - and  
me - for me I never the difference is immense  
can do long well in ~~the~~ one is a repose  
idleness - unless indeed for the faculties the  
in the idleness of Seaport other a strenuous  
House which feels to waste of them -  
be a sort of preparation Mr Charles Butler is  
for future exertion, here no other visitor  
a gathering of new for the present besides  
strength from - touching ourselves -  
the corner of Mother's last Lady Harriet is



perfectly kind for me  
and I admire her  
more and more - but  
do not feel to be  
more intimate with  
her - I fear she  
is too good - for  
ever letting herself  
be loved - at least by  
an insignificant like me,  
- I could love her immensely  
if she looked to care  
for it -

I have a very  
stupid head at the moment

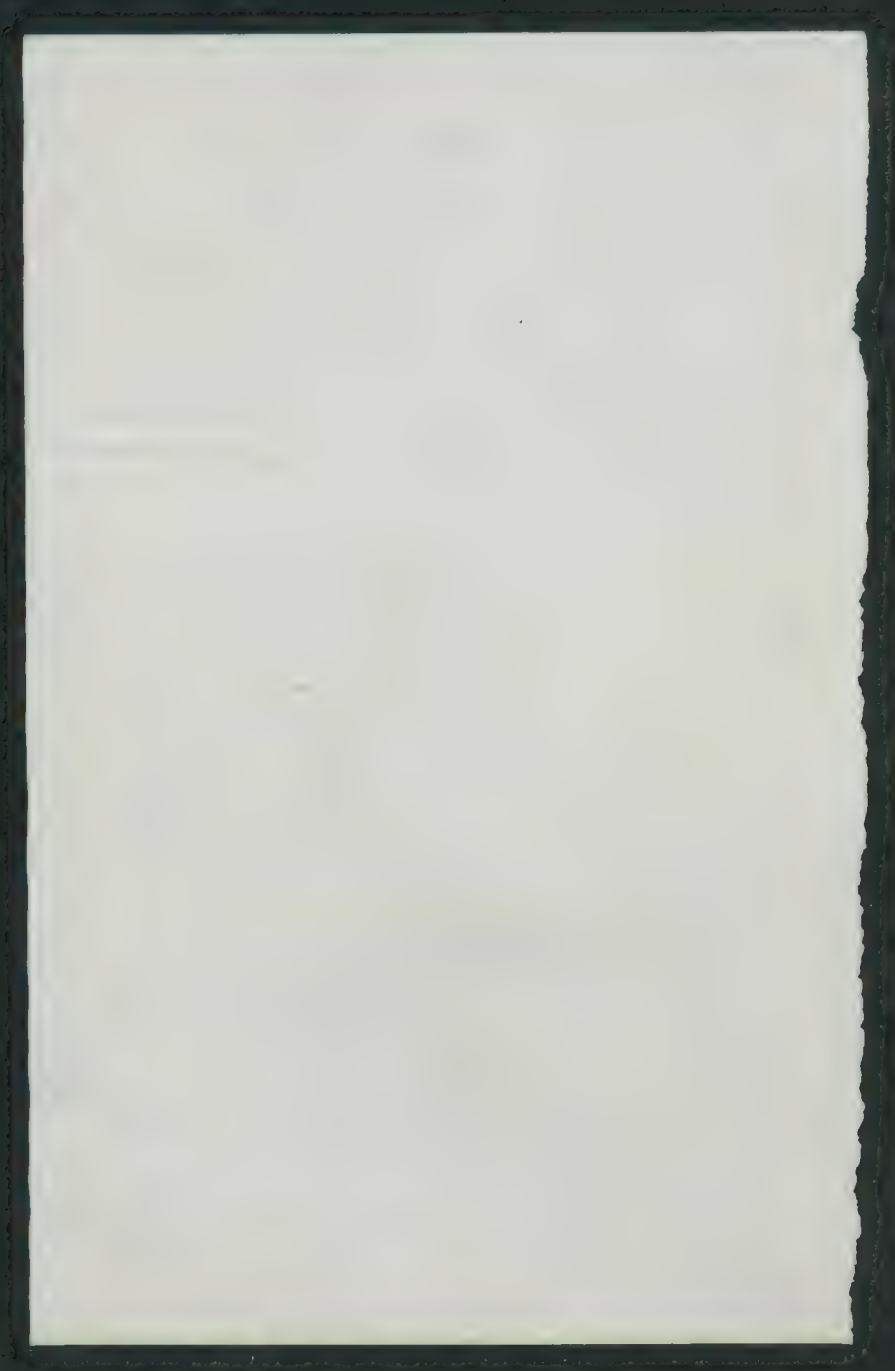
3. 1845.

and afraid of having  
to relate myself to her  
but I went in the  
first place and you  
this dear that  
you might have  
some shadow of  
a welcome from me  
on your return -

By and by I shall  
be back and then!

Ever your affectionate  
Jane Caffer





Ann Carlyle.

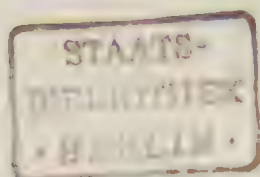
London, 1848

My Dear

I think it fair  
to warn you that next  
Sunday evening there  
will be two female beings  
here neither of whom you  
may like to meet possibly  
- Mrs Garrison and  
Miss Dym - Use  
your own discretion  
about coming  
Ever yours Ann Carlyle

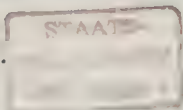








John Carlyle  
an American Gentleman.



1848.  
Thursday  
5 Thyrne Row

My Dear

Having constituted yourself  
a little Providence for your  
friends you must take the con-  
=sequence of being applied to in  
all sorts of contingencies. But you  
are a rash, slap-dash Providence  
and your interventions often  
miscarry thro' this over-zeal.  
So I pray you not only to  
come to my aid with your  
good intentions, but to do it  
with a certain practical delibera-  
tion. My maid is going away  
and I must have another.  
The reasons for my parting  
with her need not be stated  
here - enough that she is to  
go - and I must again

endure the horrors of a house-  
-hold revolution - a fatigue  
thought, just now whilst I am  
still confined to the house, and  
good for so little in it.

By communicating my want  
to the Trade people - or by  
putting an advertisement in  
the newspapers I might have  
plenty of servants sent me  
to look at - but such over-  
-plenty! and a chance whether  
one would be found among  
them worth the trouble of  
investigating - and this year  
I have not poor Christie  
to receive the whole swarm  
and send me only such as  
seemed to have some feasibility  
for my purposes.

Miss Blythe has a Welch-  
-woman out of a situation, of  
whom she spoke to me some  
time since, in case of my  
hearing of a place for her; but  
she does not think her adequate  
to my own service. That she  
says so much good of her that  
I have pressed her to let me  
at least judge of her with my  
own <sup>two</sup> eyes.

It would be a kindness to  
me then, if you would in-  
quire among your acquaintance  
if what Mrs Butler calls a  
"treasure" be known to any  
of them. You should know  
by this time the sort of person  
I need - and such a one is  
more likely to be heard of among  
your poorer acquaintance  
than the rich ones - a



Servant out of a fine house  
would not content herself in mine.  
nor could I ever reconcile myself  
to the ways of such a one.

If you hear of any, write to  
me and tell me her particulars  
before sending her here - for  
there is great awkwardness in  
refusing any one sent, when one  
does like her on examination.

There are Servants & Homes and  
Places I believe where one can  
have choice on paying something  
but I am not well enough  
to venture out yet on such  
errands - my cough has been  
worse of late days and I had  
had winter blisters on <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ been bothered  
considerably -

Lady Harriet was here yester-  
-day and met Miss Wynn at  
the parlour door - I never saw  
two such tall women in my room  
together. Her affectionately yours  
Jane Capse

John Carlyle an  
Amelia Edith.

6. Aug. 1849.



Friday

My Dear. I send  
the address to Countess Pele  
by this post, and yours, and  
she can communicate with  
you or the not-going Lady  
herself - or await my return  
on Monday if she like that  
best -

As for Fanny - do not  
name that little viper to  
me again. - and if you  
wish to avoid serious difficulty  
material as well as moral  
you will let her and her  
concerns alone - I find  
everybody furious at what is



considered your importuneness  
and ill-intentioned interference  
with her - for she herself  
makes herself a merit with  
the others of showing you  
up! - She took the last  
I must say very ill-advised  
letter you wrote her to  
Capt Robinson and said  
"see here what an important  
and most improper letter  
Miss Balle has written to me.  
I mean to write to her that  
she is to send me no more  
such letters, and that my  
mind is quite made up  
to go to India" -

And she writes to Fleming  
- [He had all the letters  
here yesterday] that she is  
quite satisfied that going to  
India is best &c. &c. to  
buy a certain dog for her  
she had seen in the Park -  
and to get her a new dress  
- Bay keep from mentioning  
yourself further in the course  
of such a little traitor or  
it will be the worse for  
you - Lady A is highly  
indignant at the unauthori-  
tary use made of her name  
- I also might be a little  
indignant at having mine  
used in making the wretch to  
open a petition - but that you

are the most indiscreet little  
woman in the world is no  
news to me! I did not  
mean to have told you  
anythg of all this till I could  
do it viva voce but having  
to write at any rate - I may  
as well put you on your  
guard and advise you  
to give over meddling  
in what you cannot mend.

- Ever yours affectionately  
Jane Wc

all you say to Lizzy - out  
of mistaken compassion is repeated  
to Harriet and Capt. Robinson  
etc - and you are made to look  
a sort of Demon lying in wait for  
her soul - as they be quite of the



Jane Curlyer<sup>sr</sup>  
an Amalia Lillie.

1849.

Many many

You diomed perfectly right, I fear  
as to the intention part of it,  
silly as was to "take me with  
her to K. L. Lillie", and we  
were to have gone yesterday,  
to stay till Monday, & Sunday  
as I meant to have told  
you in time to spare you  
a home journey on Sunday  
- But Lady is left to  
muddle yesterday for making

a journey in such bitter - Thanks for the offer of music  
cold - so put off till today but I found the only con-  
vul. today I have another - cert of that sort I ever had  
note from her putting of dreadfully becoming and  
into the paper - I am besides a concert room in this  
thankful; tho I should be that! Oh my dear!  
have stood to my engagement "Annie speak o'tt!"

I am wishing greatly I  
had not made it. This  
weather taking all spirit &  
enterprise out of me -

Yesterday on my way to  
Oxford I had in quest of  
warm stockings I called on  
17th bullion - but saw  
nothing to suit my

cupidity & beside, the things  
learned to me well about  
the usual shop price, -

Thanks for all your  
"delicate attentions" - I gather  
with you had been "a man",  
but if any thing could rouse  
a spirit in me it would surely  
be the getting myself "eloped with"  
and I think you understand  
me better than any male lover  
ever did - having them all.  
Yours affectionate & devoted



James Carlyle  
an abolitionist

18. Feb. 1849.

Alley, Grose. Ipswich.  
Sunday. 18 Feb 1849

My dear Annie

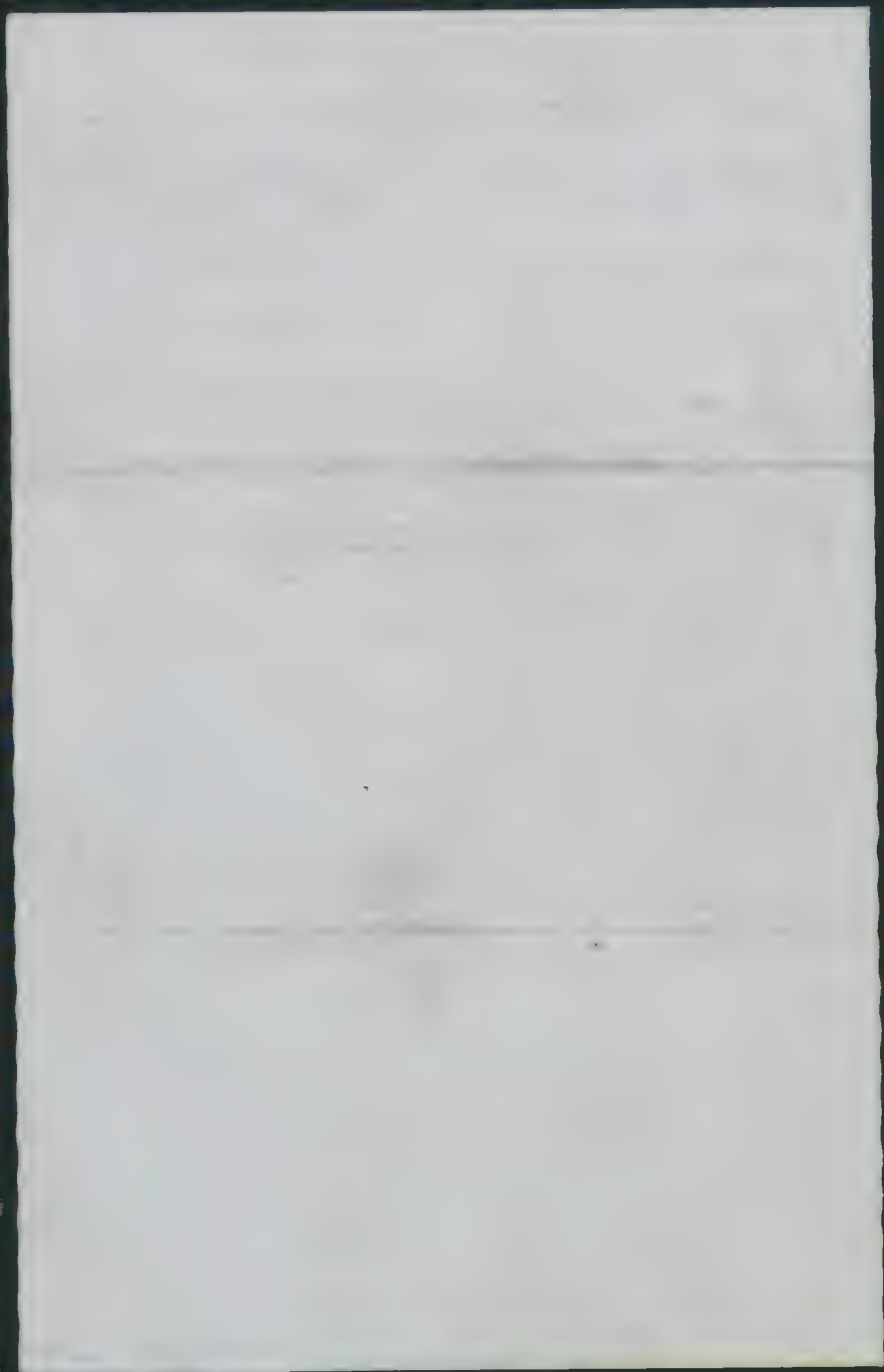
I am still here with no  
particular wish to return to London  
near the top as we live in a condemned  
house with duties to do better  
in work - and "forms of society"  
to attend to and above all a  
cat & silver spoon to look after  
it before we go back tomorrow  
when the first business requiring my  
attention, may have to be transacted  
with you yourself. I shall call  
for you tomorrow between 2 & 3  
of the p.m. when I hope it will

not be inconvenient for you to receive  
me for a few minutes. Don't get  
into any apprehensions that I  
am empowered to make any  
proposals of either a  
legitimate or illegitimate nature,  
having no superfluity of love  
at hand at present -  
while people are so universally  
occupied with politics. -

But times may, never for us return  
we live in hope - Meanwhile  
it is an innocent little concern  
of a daily poverty I have to

Speak about. - You know always  
plenty of that sort of thing which  
it is a convenience to yourself to  
tell as to others, & dispose of -  
M.B. Beauty to be dispensed  
with. - affectionately yours  
A. Estlin

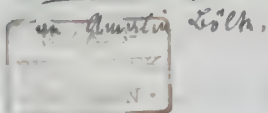
June 12. 1836





John Carlyle

5 Hyne Row 14. Apr. 1849.



Tuesday

My poor little Herman.

I can quite understand  
your inclination "to scream" - I  
have the same feeling myself  
very often - a notion to scream  
for four and twenty hours without  
stopping! Not over the treachery  
of one good for nothing Lizzie  
but over the treachery of the  
race generally - and indeed  
over what Mr Carlyle calls "the  
whole infernal cauldron of things".

That I object to you is not  
so much that I call your  
indiscretion as a certain head-  
=ship or judgment - that I wish  
you fly at helping everybody

in every difficulty, without having  
first satisfied yourself, that the  
difficulty is soluble, or the  
person capable of having it solved  
- for you know the proverb?  
"one man may take a horse to  
the water but twenty cannot  
make it drink." And when one  
tries to lead a girl without  
truth or affection like Fizzgig  
by noble ways to noble aims  
it is a labour which <sup>little</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>considerable</sup>  
of the laws of nature might  
have spared one - all the  
trouble you take for an  
unhelpable person is so  
much out of the pocket of  
some other who could have  
been helped - But you have  
heard enough of Fizzgig for

the present I should think -  
I shall merely add that I  
have taken upon me to send  
these letters of hers to Lady  
Aston - (desiring to have  
them back) that she might  
see how little the correspondence  
was of your seeking - and  
how delectably the girl had  
behaved to you - They talked  
much of their determination  
to put an end to your sub-  
-ference with her - I said  
the girl had done that herself,  
I should suppose, when she  
carried your letter to Capt P.  
and declared she would order  
you to write to her <sup>as</sup> ~~no~~ more  
in such a foolish strain -  
that if you found her worth

interfering with after that you  
must be fit for bedlam!

Capt M was going to write to  
you they said - Storer writes  
to you, and whatever they say,  
I advise you <sup>to</sup> hold your peace  
altogether - if permissible - ~~and~~  
if you must answer something,  
to make your words as few  
and cold and unparaphrased as  
you can -

I did something after your  
energetic pushing last night;  
Miss Keeman came to me  
at seven, to say she must  
decide about the other situation  
today - I liked her appearance  
and manner very much and  
as did Mr Cady - So rather  
than let her slip their  
fingers I put on my things  
tired as I was with my journey



3.14. Aug. 1849.

5.

and walked off with the the  
dick canes to County Road  
at Dennington - <sup>the County</sup> She was  
in a great quantity of inducement  
but promise to settle the  
matter in the morning - and  
she did - at eleven she came  
here, having first been to  
Ship Keerman; to tell me she  
had engaged her - I hope  
it will answer on both sides  
- I wish Capt. I had got  
her - he thinks his fat  
lump badly ignorant -

The Rabbit-skin is a great  
bit - the very sort of thing  
I have wanted for long -  
something that would cover  
my neck which looks very  
bad at this date, and at the

same time not give me  
the appearance of having a  
sore throat - thank you  
heartily for your pains -

My mind was so glad  
to get me back and had  
every thing so clean! - a  
real jewel she is! - for  
her for I have to thank  
you every day - I you  
are one of the reliable  
so you had better stick to  
helping me in my various  
needs - I will go to see you  
some morning, if the weather  
improves before Sunday

Ever affectionately yours  
Anne Taylor





Ms. J. M. Carlyle

in America 1846.

F I

• B. 1. 1. 1.

Dedmundy

My Dear! You are too im-  
petuous by half. Festina  
Lente should be one's motto  
even in good-doing, while  
one lives in a conditional world.  
Else one is apt to run one's  
head metaphorically and  
literally against many posts.  
One may make an old Aunt  
sit for her picture her own  
home. but Carlyle is not  
to be so dealt with. one  
may perhaps get him to  
do it in the end; but it  
must be this gradual  
leading and this other instig-  
ation from these kindnesses.

which you might have known  
by this time. he does not  
at all go upon. For him,  
it is not enough that the  
artist is young and handsome  
and in need of employment.  
he must also be sure that  
he can take likenesses, happ  
he would dream of sitting  
to him! - he has already  
sat to a bearings - with  
the worst results! - and  
he is not so independent  
as might be expected of a  
Philosopher - to having had  
portraits of him hanging  
loose on society. Accordingly  
I have requested Mr. Hartman  
to bring some of his pictures  
to show us and then I

will see more clearly what  
can be done for him -  
Now your sake - and also,  
now that I have seen  
him, for his own, I will  
do whatever I can for  
him - but I must do  
it in my own way - not  
in your break-neck-way  
which I can make no  
hand of - He looks  
the image of innocence  
and modesty and  
ingenuousness - much  
too beautiful for my  
taste in men - but that  
may be no objection  
~~to him~~ with the generally.  
Still however until I  
can recommend him as  
a good painter, I



shall make small way in  
recommending him on the  
score of his looks and  
receptus. Miss Ken Grant  
is in Paris - Mrs M Gilson  
in Spain - Macready poor  
man worried out of his  
life - But I design to  
make Capt Sterling sit  
on his own account - if the  
pictures be at all satisfactory  
and I shall look out for  
others - I am very busy  
corresponding with the four  
winds about a new Scotch  
servant - Helen has had an  
offer to go and stay with a  
sort of gentleman brother  
she has got in Dublin - and  
much to my consternation  
has of course accepted - so  
I am in a little mess of  
practical difficulties but the  
affectionally yours  
Anne Lister



Mr. B<sup>r</sup> Balle

Sevenport Place.

Hyde Park

10 FEB 19  
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